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THE
Mouse - Trap.
A
POEM,
LATIN and ENGLISH.

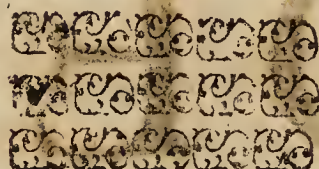
[Quincy John]

Quincy
2092
on 1/20

MUSCIPULA,

S I V E

Cambro-Muo-Machia,



L O N D I N I :

Anno M. D C C I X.

THE
MOUSE-TRAP;
OR, THE
Welsh Engagement
WITH THE
MICE.



L O N D O N:

Printed for *Edward Pool*, at the *Half Moon*
under the *Royal Exchange*, and *J. Morphew*,
near *Stationers-Hall*. 1709.

MUSCIPULA.

Monticolam Britonem, qui primus vincula Muri
 Finxit, & exiguum cobibebat carcere furem,
 Lethalesque dolos & inextricabile fatam,
*Musa, refer: Tu, Pbæbe potens (nam te quoque quondam
 Muribus infestum dixerunt Sminthea vates)
 Sis præsens: & tot Cambrorum montibus unum
 Parnassum excipiens, faveas dum pingere versu
 Res tenues, humilique juvat colludere Musa.*

*Mus inimicum animal, prædari & vivere raptu
 Suetum impune diu spolii qua innata cupido
 Fusserat, erravit: sceleratam exercuit artem
 Impune, & saliens hinc illinc cuncta maligno
 Corrupt dente, & patinâ male lusit in omni.
 Nil erat intactum, sed ubique domesticus hostis
 Assiduus conviva aderat: non mœnia furtis
 Obstare, aut sese poterant defendere vœdes
 Robustæque fores: qua non data porta peredit
 Ipse sibi introitum, dapibusque indulgit inemptis.*

Pestis

T H E

Mouse-Trap.

MUSE sing the *British Mountaneer*, who told
 How first the hostile *Mouse* in Bonds to hold,
 Who first the fatal Artifice design'd,
 And in a *Trap* the little *Thief* confin'd.
 And you, oh *Phæbus*, great *Latona's* Son,
 (For you, 'tis said, have been with *Mice* o'er-run)
 Assist my Song, and whilst my humble Muse
 Delights to play, and lowly Subjects chuse
 In Verse to paint, be favourably kind;
 And amongst *Cambrian* Mountains one *Parnassus* find.

The hostile *Mouse* accustomed long to prey
 Wherever Appetite did prompt, would stray
 Unpunish'd, long unpunish'd, did He lead
 His wicked Life in this licentious Trade;
 With nimble Speed from Place to Place he fled,
 And without Fear in every *Meal-Tub* fed ;
 Nothing for his destructive Teeth could rest,
 At every Banquet a most constant Guest ;
 Strong Walls ne'er could him from his Thefts restrain,
 And bolted Doors were interpos'd in vain ;
 For when and wheresoe'er he pleas'd to stray,
 By eating thro' with ease he made his Way,
 And on unpurchas'd Dainties riots every Day.

But

*Pestis at hac totum dum serpsit inulta per orbem,
Cambria precipue flevit : quia Caseus illic
Multus olet, quem Mus, non aequae ac plurima, libat,
Aut leviter tantum arrodit, sed dente frequenti
Excavat, interiusque domos sibi scalpit edules.*

*Gens tota incensa est super his, rabiesque dolorque
Discruciant animos; frendent, juga summa pererrant,
Stare loco ignorant : nam Cambris prona furori
Corda dedit natura, & atroci pectora bile
Ferveseunt; credas animos quoque sulphure tinctos.*

*Ergo jubente ira dignas cum sanguine pœnas
Sumere decretum est, sed qua ratione latronem
Tam cautum opprimerent, quo vindice furta repellant
Incertum: neque felis enim tua, Cambre, tueri
Limina, nec miseris poterat succurrere rebus.
Illa quidem varias posuit circum ora cavernæ
Insidias, tacitoque pede ad cava limina repens
Excubias egit, frustra; Mus nempe pusillo
Corpore securus, tanto & præstantior hoste
Quo minor, intentum prædæ si forte videret
Limine custodem, retro irruit, inque recessus
Terga dedit curvos, atque invia felibus antra.*

Inde

But while the World this general Plague did bear,
Cambria lamented her unequal Share;
 Drawn thither by the powerful Scent of *Cheese*
 Which *Mice* prefer to other Rarities;
 Who, tho' by gentle Paces they attack,
 Yet frequent Nibblings soon an Entrance make
 To th' very Bowels of a *Cheese* they speed,
 And all intrench'd in *Eatables* lye hid.

At this the Nation kindles into Rage,
 Alternate Passions fiercely they engage;
 Despair and Sorrow now assume their Turn,
 And now with an impetuous Fury burn,
 Not knowing how to rest, or where,
 Gnashing their Teeth they to their Hills repair,
 "And with strange Outcries rend the Passive Air."
 Such Tempers Nature on the *Welch* bestow'd
 Soon fir'd with Passion, and with Gall o'erflow'd,
 Which in their Breasts such Ebullitions make
 You'd think their Souls of Sulphur too partake.
 Urg'd thus with Indignation, 'tis decreed
 For dire Revenge; the hated Foe must bleed:
 But how the wary Enemy to seize,
 And, for the future, save their dear beloved *Cheese*
 Excites new Troubles —

Thy *Cat*, oh *Taffy*! gives thee no Relief,
 Nor saves thy Treasure from that hungry Thief;
 Tho' oft indeed in Ambuscade she lyes
 About their Holes with silent Watch she plies,
 And all the subtil Arts of Mischief tries.
 'Tis all in vain, the little Foe secure
 By being small, can strait himself immure,
 And close intrench'd in *Cheese* defy poor *Puss*'s Pow'r;
 Tho'

*Inde caput metuens iterum proferre, nec ausus
Excursus tentare novos, dum castra moveret
Hostis: Et omne aberat vigili cum fele periculum.*

*Cambria sic olim (liceat componere Muri)
Victorem elusit, cum jam, domito orbe, Britannos
Imperio adjecit Caesar. Sic nempe recessit
Ad latebras gens tota, Et inexpugnabile vallum,
Montes. Sic sua saxa inter, medioque ruina
Delituit tuta, Et desperans vincere, vinci
Noluit, hinc priscos memorant longo ordine patres
Indomitasque crepant terras, linguæque senectam.*

*Felinos igitur postquam Mus sapius ungues
Fugerat, Et Britoni spes non erat inde salutis,
Concilium accitur, supremo in limine terræ,
Littus ad Hesperium, qua nunc Menevia plorat
Curtatos Mitræ titulos, Et nomen inane
Semisepultæ urbis. Properant hinc inde frequentes
Patresque proceresque Et odorum sulphure vulgus.*

*Tum senior, cui sæpe suis in montibus hircus
Prolixam invidit barbam; cuique ora manusque
Fæda incrustavit scabies, sic gutture rauco
Præcipitans balbas voces: non, inquit, aperto
De Bello, sed Furto agitur; non exterus hostis,
At majus graviusq; malum, nimis intimus hospes
Compulit hic populum; dominabitur usque Tyrannus
Mus petulans? Vos ergo Patres Venerabils ordo,*

Queis

Tho' then he dares not his Recess forsake,
Nor any hostile Depredations make
'Till *Puss* decamps, and Danger disappears,
He re-assumes his Courage and forgets his Fears.

So *Cambria* heretofore -----
With the same Cunning from the Victor fled,
When *Cæsar* o're the World his Empire spread;
The Terror of his dreadful Force to shun,
Just so, into their Cliffs and Caves they run,
Enclos'd with Rocks; just so they lay secure,
And manfully withstood the *Roman* Power.
Hence of unconquer'd Ancestors they boast,
Of *Language* and a *Country* never lost.

But since from *Puss's* Wiles the Thief escapes,
And disappoints thereby the Nations hopes;
A Council's call'd, ith' utmost borders of the Land,
Where good *St. Taff* o're looks th' *Hesperian* Strand,
Lamenting the half mouldred Pride of *Wales*,
And his lost *Mitre* with regret bewails.
Thither the Sulphur Scented Crowd repair,
With Cheifs and Fathers on this grand Affair.

A Senior then whose mighty Beard had bred
Envy in every Goat that on his Mountains fed;
With Hands and Face by loathsome Itch o're-ran,
From his hoarse Throat this Stammering Speech began:
'Tis not, my Friends, with Foreign Foes to treat,
That in this great Assembly now we meet;
Or by a cautious foresight to Prepare,
Against the Mischiefs of a Foreign War:
Too intimate a Guest has been the cause,
That hither this prodigious Concourse draws.
How long! shall a Curst *Mouse* invade our Peace,
And fearless of Repulse, thus Lord it o're our Cheese?

*Quæis patria pretiosa salus, finite dolores
 Consilio nostros, & si spes ulla supersit,
 Propitias adhibete manus : sic Cadwaladeri
 Dum clarescat honos, vestra hic quoque gloria vivet.*

*Dixit ; & ante oculos fragmenta & mucida tollens
 Frustula, reliquias muris, monumenta rapinae,
 Exacuit Cambrorum iram : jamque æmulus ardor
 Vindictæ, tum laudis amor sub pectore Patrum
 Arsit, inauditam meditatur quisque ruinam
 Muri, & Muscipulam fere parturit omne cerebrum.*

*At quidem ante alios notus cognomine Taffi
 Et magis ingenio celebris, cui Wallia nunquam
 Æqualem peperit, faber idem, idemque Senator
 Eximius, sic orsus erat. Si gloria gentis
 Caseus intereat, metuo ne tota colonum
 Deficiat cæna & mensæ decus omne secunda
 Divitibus pereat : quoniam ergo Wallica virtus
 Et seles nequeant superare hæc monstrula, fabri
 Dexterâ quid possit, quid machina parva, dolusque
 Experiar : dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirit ?*

Talia

You venerable *Bench* of Fathers here,
To whom the Welfare of your Country's dear,
If any Help our Troubles can relieve,
If any Help can your wise Counsels give,
All your Assistance at this Juncture lend,
And to our fatal Miseries put an end :
So while the Honour of *Cadwalader*
To every true-born *Cambro-Britan*'s dear,
Your Glory shall to future Times appear.

This said, and holding up before their Eyes
The mouldy Fragments of an eaten *Cheese*,
The horrid Spoil so much enrag'd the Croud,
Each honest Heart with Indignation glow'd,
And swift Destruction on the Author vow'd.

Now emulous of Praise, the *Welsh-men* strive
Some yet unheard of Mischief to contrive,
Some quaint Machine must the great End obtain :
A *Mouse-Trap* is conceiv'd, almost in every Brain.

But one, by Name of *Taff* distinguish'd from the rest,
By all, the greatest Wit in *Wales* confest,
Both *Smith* and *Senator*, th' Assembly thus address :
If once our darling *Cheese* be lost, we know
That many Supperless to Bed must go ;
And you, great Senators, I fear, would miss
The grateful Hogs of a second Dish.
Since *Britans* Valour then, or *Puffs*'s Wile,
Cannot the subtle Enemy beguile,
Without Delay I'll to my *Tools* betake,
Try what the Cunning of a *Smith* can make ;
I'll try what Art and Stratagem can do,
For any way is lawful with a Foe.

Talia jactantem circumstant undique fixis
 Herentes oculis, sperataque gaudia læto
 Murmure certatim testantur; at unde salutem
 Promissam expectant quarunt, audentque doceri.
 Ille caput scalpens (nam multum scalpere Cambris
 Expedit) horrendum subrisit, & ora resolvens
 Talia verba refert: cum fessus membra quieti
 Hesternæ sub nocte dedi, & sepor altus habebat
 Lumina, Mus audax, sectatus opinor odores
 Quos non concoctus flagranti balavit ab ore
 Caseus, accessit furtim & compage solutis
 Faucibus irrepsit; jamque ipsa in viscera lapsus
 Ventris opes miseras spoliare, epulisque paravit
 Luxuriare meis, tacitoque in gutture pasci.
 Excussus subito somnis, sub dente latronem,
 Dum resilire parat, prensi, arreptumque tenebant
 Mordaci laqueo. Sic ergo carcere Murem
 Posse capi doctus, cito parva ergastula, mecum
 Hec meditans, statui fabricare, animoque catenas
 Effinxi tales, mihi quas suggesserat crux
 Captivus. Mirum O! quali regit omnia lege
 Dextra arcana Jovis! quam cæcis passibus errat
 Causarum series! nobis Mus ipse salutem
 Invitus dedit, & quos attulit ante dolores
 Tollere jam docuit: neve hunc habuisse Magistrum
 Vos pudeat Patres; fas est vel ab hoste doceri.

Hæc ubi dicta, domum repetit, commitantur euntem
 Plaudentes populi, atque benigna laboribus optant
 Omnia. Tum celeri sua quisque ad limina cursu

Nuncius

This said, the gazing Croud around him press,
And their Applause with loud Huzza's express ;
But all with eager Expectation wait
To learn from whence a Blessing shou'd proceed so great.
Scratching his Head, (by *Welsh-men* often done,
A rare Expedient for Invention known)
With awkward Snear he gap'd, and thus went on.

No longer since last Night with Toil oppress'd,
Soon as I laid my weary Limbs to rest,
A daring Mouse, (as near as I can guess,
Led thither by the fragrant Scent of *Cheese*,
Which indigested from my Mouth exhal'd,
And the fly *Miscreant* with its Steams regal'd)
Into my Mouth did creep, hoping to meet
With a rich Banquet in that close Retreat ;
But waking as the *Mouse* his *Exit* sought,
Between my Teeth the nimble Thief I caught.
Instructed thus, my Friends, I don't despair
Forthwith some cunning Engine to prepare
That may just so our deadly Foe insnare.

Oh wondrous strange ! ———
That mighty *Jove* should thus his Care bestow,
And rule Events which do from second Causes flow.
This *Mouse* unknown has our Deliverance wrought
At the same time He our Destruction sought :
And you, most learned *Sirs*, will not disdain
Ev'n from a Foe Instructions to obtain.

As soon as *Taff* had finish'd his Harangue,
Th' applauding Populace about him hang,
And to his House with noisy Clamours lead,
Wishing some great Event the Omen might succeed.

Each

*Nuncius it, Laribusque refert quæ munera Taffi
 Ingenio speranda forent : dumque ordine narrant
 Omnia, dumque Deis, ut tanta incepta secudent,
 Vota ferunt ; monita præfago pectore feles
 Plus solito lufere, & si fas credere fama)
 Sub manibus matrum saliere coagula Lactis.*

*Interea Taffi manibusque animoque vicissim
 Instat magno operi, & divina Palladis arte
 Muscipulam edificat ; fit machina mira, novaque
 Induitur vultus specie tragi-comica moles.*

*Quin age, si tibi Musa vacat, spectacula pandas
 Infantæ fabricæ, & percurrrens singula, totam
 Compagem expedias, Quadrati lamina ligni
 Summum imumque tegit : filorum ferreus ordo
 Munit utrumque latus, parvisque uti fulta columnis
 Stat domus : introitus patet insidiosus, amicum
 Muribus hospitium ostentans, sed desuper horret
 Janua, perniciem meditans, tenuique ruina
 Suspensa est filo : (usque adeo sua stamina parca
 Dicunt Muri etiam & pendent fata omnia filo)
 Supremæ tabulæ media de parte bisulco
 Vertice stat lignum erectum, cui parvula trabes
 Transversim posita inseritur, justequè libratas
 Utrinque extendit palmas, quarum altera quantum
 Deprimitur, tantum annexam levat altera portam.*

Interiore

Each then to his own Home with speed repairs,
And to his Family the joyful Message bears :
All tell the Wonders they from Taff expect,
And pray the Gods his Labours to direct ;
Even Puss her self at the Presage looks gay,
And in new Pleasures sports the Time away.
And (if loud Fame may be believ'd) 'tis said,
That as the House-wife at the Cheese-Fat stay'd,
Under her Hands the Curd was seen to swell,
And leaping up its Infant-Joys did tell.

Taffy mean while nor Sleep nor Rest enjoy'd,
But Head and Hands at the great Work imploy'd,
Until by the divine Minerva's Aid
He had with wondrous Skill a Mouse-Trap made.

But, Muse, go on, and with peculiar Care
The new-born Fabrick to describe prepare ;
With the first Traces of its Form begin,
And carefully tell o'er the whole Machine.

First, two square Trenchers o'er each other laid
At equal Distance, Top and Bottom made ;
These Rows of Iron Wire compass'd round
Just as a House that does on Pillars stand ;
Its treacherous Enterance does open lye,
And boasts a friendly Hospitality ;
But the destructive Door hangs over Head,
Suspending Ruin by a slender Thread ;
(For all Events the Destinies command,
And e'en a Mouse's Life does on a Thread depend.)
A forked Stick on th' upper Part does rise,
On which another lyes in equal poize ;
One End of this the more you do depress,
The other will the fatal Wicket raise.

From

*Interiore domo, per tecti exile foramen
 Demissum pendet ferrum, quod mobile ludit
 Huc illuc facili tactu: curvatur in hamum
 Infima pars, escamque tenet, pars altera trabem
 Extremam leviter premit, at dimittere rursus
 Non dubitat minimum quamprimum senserit ictum.*

*His ita dispositis, pendentem protinus hamum
 Induit insidiis Taffi, exitiosaque Muri
 Ipsa alimenta fecit. Sed quo fragrantior esset
 Caseus, & Mures invitet longius escam
 Fatalem torret flammis, vimque addit odori.
 Et jam nox memoranda aderat, cum fessa cubili
 Membra levans Taffi, juxta pulvinar amicam
 Muscipulam statuit, fidoque satellite tutus
 Indulsit facili somno: gens improba, Mures
 Interea exiliunt lati, noctisque silentis
 Praesidio confisi errant: tum narribus acet
 Mus quidam, Dux eximius, Diis natus iniquis
 Castra inimica petit, quo grato flamine tostus
 Caseus allexit. Venienti prima resistunt
 Clatbra, aditumque negant, sed turpem ferre repulsam
 Ille indignatus, munimina ferrea circum
 Cursitat, & crispat nasum, introitumque sagaci
 Explorat barba; jamque irremeabile limen
 Ingressus, votique potens, tristem arripit escam;
 Exitiumque vorat latus, potiturque ruina.*

Taffi,

From this thro' a small Hole does downward pass
A slender Wire moveable and loose,
The lower Part of which turns up again,
And forms a Hook which does the Bait sustain ;
The upper End being slightly fasten'd to
The transverse Beam, with Ease its hold lets go,
And dropping down the Door, secures the nibleing Foe. }
}

Things order'd thus, *Taffy* with greatest Care
Does on the pendent Hook his Bait prepare ;
And that he might the greater Justice prove,
Such he contriv'd which best the *Micians* love :
But that his *Cheese* might make the better Treat,
And prove by its strong Scent a more enticing Bait,
He toasts the fragrant Morfel in the Flame,
Which a most luscious Dish thereby became.

And now the memorable Night draws on,
When *Taff* to rest his weary Limbs lyes down,
His Guardian Trap just by his Pillow plac'd,
Sleep's gentle Cords tye down his Eyes to rest,
When soon a wicked *Band* of *Mice* appear,
And trusting to the Night for Spoil prepare :
But one, a famous Leader of the Field,
Who in the Niceness of his Scent excell'd,
Push'd on by his own Fate, did take his Way
Where the well-scented *Cheese* in Ambush lay :
The Iron Grate resists his first Attack ;
But scorning a Repulse so foul to take,
He twirls his Nose, and sagely cocks his Chin,
And scours round the fortify'd Machine ;
Till he at last his Wishes does obtain,
And enters — never to return again.
With hasty Joy he seizes on his Prey ;
And tho' unknown, does with his Ruin play.

*Taffi, exaudito strepitu, quem pendula porta
 Lapsa dedit, cubito erigitur, thalamoque triumphans
 Exilit, impatiens discendi quis novus hospes
 Venerat. Interea surit intus ridiculus Mus,
 Et fronte & pedibus pugnat, jamque intervallis
 Clathrorum caput impingit, ferrumque fatigat
 Dentibus insanis. Sic olim in retia Marsus
 Actus aper fremit horrendus, sinuosaque quassat
 Vincula, ludibrium catulis : diffusa per arvos
 It spuma, arrectæque horrent in pectore setæ.*

*Postera lux oritur, decurrunt montibus altis
 Præcipites Cambri, nam cunctas vinit ad aures
 Res nova. Quippe Asinus, solita gravitate remissa,
 Et jam pigritiæ oblitus, lascivior hædo
 Ascendit montem ; quo rauco gutture Cambrum
 Præconem simulans, ter distorto ore rudebat,
 Ter sonuit te, Taffi, & publica dixit amicis
 Gaudia. Bubo etiam (Cambrorum dictus ab illo
 Tempore Legatus) per compita ubique per urbes
 Tota nocte errans, rostrum ferale fenestris
 Stridulus impegit, cecinitque instantia Muris
 Funera. Parturiunt montes, atque agmine denso
 Pembrochiæ multis ruit incola Merviniæque ;
 Quique tenet Bonium ; & Mariduni mania vate.*

Inclyta

Rous'd from his Slumber by the falling Door,
Taffy springs up, and leaps upon the Floor,
 Impatient yet to learn what new-come Guest
 Had dar'd already to disturb his Rest.

Th' intangl'd *Mouse* soon kindles into Rage,
 And with his Claws attacks the Iron Cage;
 Now with his Teeth he at the Wire flies,
 Then with his Head between the Bars he tries.

With the same Fury so the *Sythian Boar*,
 When taken in the Toils, most dreadfully does roar;
 With the same Rage he shakes the Toils in vain,
 Sport of the Dogs, and Pastime of the Plain;
 His bristle'd Crest does a strange Horror yield,
 And chafing throws his Foam about the Field.

Soon as the Sun had rais'd his Beamy Head,
 And o'er the Hills his rising Lustre spread,
 The *Cambrian's* hurry'd by a strange Alarm
 In noisy Tumults from their Mountains swarm:
 An Ass his wonted Gravity forgot,
 And climbs a Hill as nimble as a Goat;
 Thrice his distorted Chaps he there display'd,
 And thrice from his hoarse Throat like a *Welsh Cryer* bray'd.
 Three Times he joy'd his happy Neighbours round,
 And thrice the ecchoing Hills great *Taffy's* Name resound.
 The Owl too, (call'd since then the *Welsh Ambassador*)
 As Fields and Towns that Night she rambl'd o'er,
 Buffets the Windows with her deadly Wings,
 And in loud Shrieks th' approaching Funeral sings.

The Mountains Teem, and Crouds of *Welsh* appear
 From *Bangor*, *Merioneth*, and *Pembrokeshire*;

*Inchyta Merlino ; veniunt sæcunda Glamorgan
 Quos alit, & Vagæ potor, rigidusque colonus
 Gomerici montis. Tum circumstante corona
 Illudit capto Taffi, iratumque lacesans,
 Nequicquam lucteris, ait, damnaberis aræ
 Victimæ prima meæ, memorique hæc limina tinges
 Sanguine ; spes nulla est, retro fugientibus obstant
 Non exoriandi portes ; dabis, improbe pœnas
 Pro meritis, vitamque simul cum carcere linques.*

*Vix ea fatus erat, cum ludicra felis aprico
 Culmine defiliit tecti, quo sæpe solebat
 Cruribus extensis molli languescere luxu ;
 Aspicit instantem captivus, & erigit aures,
 Gibbosoque riget tergo, nec limen apertum
 Jam tentare audet. Sed in ipso carcere solam
 Spem libertatis ponens, sua vincula prensat,
 Unguibus hamatis pedibusque tenacibus hæret ;
 Excutitur tamen, & felis rapidissime prædæ
 Involat, ac frustra luctantem evadere sævo
 Implicat amplexu, crudeliaque oscula figit.*

Nulla

From *Marden*, (who their *Wizard Merlin* boast)
And cold *Gomercian Hills*, all stiff with Frost ;
From the rich Fields of great *Glamorgan* some,
And others from the Banks of *Vaga* come.

Soon as the Croud a decent Ring had made,
Taffy began his Pris'ner to upbraid,
And urging his fierce Anger, thus he said :
In vain alas for Liberty you try,
For 'tis resolv'd this Moment you shall die,
And on my Altar the first Victim lye :
As a Memorial of our Country's Good,
These Doors shall be sprinkled with thy Blood.
No Glimpse of Hope, vile *Miscreant*, now remains,
Th' inexorable Bars thy Flight restrain ;
For thy vile Deeds thou shalt Attonement make,
And with thy Lite thy Prison too forsake.

Scarce this had honest *Taffy* spoke, but soon
From the House-top a nimble *Cat* leaps down,
Where with extended Limbs she often lay,
And in the Sunshine bask'd her Time away.
The Pris'ner sees her, and with prick'd up Ears
raises his Back, and stiffens with his Fears ;
He dares not now approach the open Door,
But thinks his close Confinement most secure ;
Strongly he does the friendly Wires imbrace,
And there all his Hopes of Safety place ;
But from his hold they shake him soon away.
Swiftly the watchful *Cat* flies on her Prey,
And in her griping Claws the Foe detains,
While striving to escape he strives in vain.

No Rests allow'd, *Puss* can't her Joys conceal,
But o'er the Conquer'd *pur's*, and waves her Tail ;

In

Nulla datur requies, agili sinuamine caudæ
 Gaudia testatur victrix, & flexile corpus
 Lascivo versans saltu, modo corpore prono
 Attente invigilat Muri; modo colla benignis
 Unguiculis leniter pectans, mentitur amorem
 Dum lacerare parat: varia sic arte jocosam
 Barbariem exercet, lepidaque tyrannide ludit.
 At nugis tandem defessa, nec amplius iram
 Dissimulans, acuit dentes, & more leonis
 Impasti incumbit prædæ: jam pectore ab imo
 Murmurat, & tremulos artus, & sparsa cruore
 Viscera dilaniat. Plebs circumfusa cruorem
 Invisum aspiciens, lætis clamoribus implent
 Æthera, clamoresque Echo, Cambraë incola terræ,
 Læta rafert; resonant Plinlimmonis ardua moles
 Et Brechin & Snowdon; vicina ad sidera fertur
 Plausus, & ingenti strepit Offæ fossa tumultu.
 Tu, Taffi, æternum vives, tua munera Cambri
 Nunc etiam celebrant, quotiesque revoluitur annus
 Te memorant: patrium gens tota tuetur honorem.
 Et cingunt viridi redolentia tempora Porro.

F I N I S.

In gentle Flexures now her Body bends,
 And couchant now the panting Prey attends ;
 Then with dissembling Paws she pawms him o'er,
 And Friendship feigns, altho' resolved to devour :
 Thus various Methods wantonly she tries,
 Revels in Blood, and sports in Cruelties.
 But tir'd at length with trifling Time away,
 Her kindling Anger brooks no longer stay,
 But like a hungry Lyon closes with her Prey ;
 A surly Growl the dire Resolve portends,
 Without Remorse his reeking Bowels rends,
 And mangled Limbs the dreadful Conflict ends.

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No sooner did the long expecting Croud
 See the Diffusion of that hated Blood,
 But joyful Clamours o'er the Mountains rise,
 And Peals of hideous Shoutings reach the Skies.
Echo, (who keeps in *Wales* her ancient Seat)
 The loud Huzza's from Hill to Hill repeats,
 To distant Borders bears the mighty Sound,
 And beats the joyful Replications round.
Brechin, and *Snowdon*, and *Phinliminon*
 Ring with Sound, and drive it further on ;
 Even Stars are reach'd by the stupendious Voice,
 And *Offa's* Ditch resounds the dreadful Noise.

Oh, *Taffy* !
 May ever be thy Works secure to Fame,
 And *Cambria* ever celebrate thy Name.
 Oft as the Sun brings round the circling Year,
 May they remember thee, their great Deliverer :
 May then her Sons their Country's Glory speak,
 And bind their scented Temples with a verdant *Leek*.

F I N I S.

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